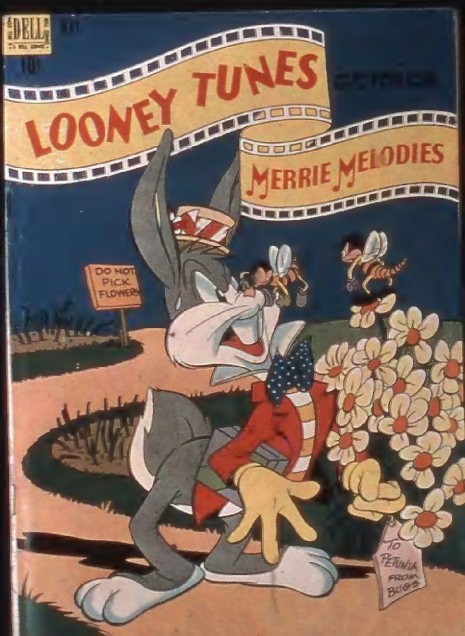
DELL
10¢
LOONEY TUNES
MERRIE MELODIES
DO NOT PICK FLOWERS
TO PETUNIA FROM BUGS

It was a sunny, warm April morning. Porky Pig walked happily down the street that led to Petunia Pig's house.

"Hiya, pal!" Bugs Bunny came hop-skipping around the corner of Mr. Jeremiah Herford's neat, white house, and on across the recently planted lawn. "What's new, Porky, old thing, old stuff?"

Porky gasped. "L-Look what you d-did, Bugs." He pointed at the lawn where a row of footprints pressed down the tender, tiny grass shoots. "M-Mister Herford w-will be awf'ly s-sore. That n-new grass is all s-squashed down."

"It'll pop up again," shrugged Bugs. "An' if it doesn't, he can get a lotta exercise straightenin' it, blade by blade. Maybe—" He stopped short as he heard the click of a key in a lock. After a sharp look at the front door of Mr. Herford's house, he started to run toward the near-by corner. "I'm gettin' outa here!" he shouted. "Somebody's unlockin' that door, an' if it's Old Man Herford, we're sunk, chum!"

Porky started to run, too. "B-But I d-didn't do anything!" he protested.

"How's he gonna know that?" Bugs vanished around the corner.

Porky's legs were shorter than Bugs's so he could not run as fast as his friend. At that, he rounded the corner before Mr. Herford walked out, looked down, and noticed the footprints on the lawn.

"Those dreadful boys!" Porky heard Mr. Herford yell. "They've ruined my new lawn! If I ever get my hands on them—"

Porky did not hear the rest of the sentence. He was puffing across the street to where Bugs was perched on the curb, catching his breath.

Porky plopped down beside Bugs. "G-Gosh," he panted, "I'm g-glad Mister Herford d-didn't see me. He's the j-judge for the M-May basket contest. And I w-wouldn't win even the b-booby prize if h-he thought I w-was the one wh-who tracked up his l-lawn."

"May basket contest?" Bugs repeated. "What kinda caper is that?"

"It's a c-contest for M-May baskets," replied Porky. "Tomorrow's M-May Day, and M-Miss Angora, our t-teacher, is g-giving a t-two-dollar prize for the p-prettiest wildflower b-basket. The j-judging'll b-be right after r-recess." He scrambled to his feet. "P-Petunia and I are g-going to the woods this m-morning to g-get our f-flowers. I'd b-better g-get a move on or I'll b-be late—and P-Petunia'll be c-cross."

Bugs fell into step beside Porky. "I could sure use two bucks. How's for me gettin' in this contest?"

Porky looked doubtful. "I d-don't think they'd l-let you enter, B-Bugs. You've g-got such a p-poor record."

"I ain't got ANY record o' ANY kind!" snapped Bugs indignantly. "I never even been fingerprinted!"

Porky giggled. "I d-didn't mean y-you were a c-crook, Bugs. I m-meant you've p-played hookey so much, you

(Continued on inside back cover)

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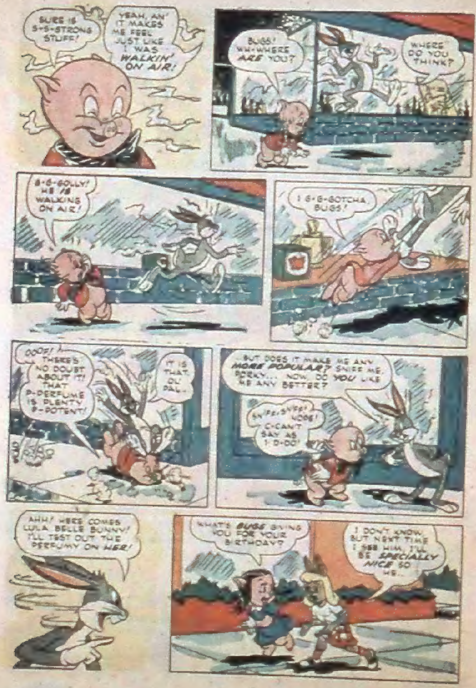
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. presents
BUGS BUNNY
in "The EASTER BUNNY"
New Method Sensation
Popularity
GUARANTEED TO INCREASE YOUR POPULARITY 100%
HMM!
YOU WEREN'T PLANNING ON PURCHASING ANY OF THAT B-I-STUFF, WERE YOU, BUGS?
BUT OF COURSE NOT!
HOW SOME-EVER, I WAS PERSEVERING ON "INVESTIGATING" A BIT!
OH THAT NEW SCENT, "POPULARITY"? WOULD YOU CARE FOR A SAMPLE?
YES, THANK YOU!
Perfume
PST... PST... PST...
OH, REALLY?
THE NERVE OF THAT RABBIT TELLING ME MY SHOW WAS LATTED! WHEN IT WASN'T!
WHEN...


SURE IS S-S-STRONG STUFF!
YEAH, AN' IT MAKES ME FEEL JUST LIKE I WAS WALKIN' ON AIR!
BUGS! WH-WHERE ARE YOU?
WHERE' DO YOU THINK?
G-G-GOLLY! HE IS WALKING ON AIR!
I G-G-GOTCHA, BUGS!
OOOF! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THAT P-PERFUME IS PLENTY P-POTENT!
IT IS THAT, OL' PAL..
BUT DOES IT MAKE ME ANY MORE POPULAR? SNIFF ME, PORKY... NOW DO YOU LIKE ME ANY BETTER?
SNIFF! SNIFF! NOPE! C-CAN'T SAY AS I D-DO!
AHH! HERE COMES LULA BELLE BUNNY! I'LL TEST OUT THE PERFUMY ON HER!
WHAT'S BUGS GIVING YOU FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT NEXT TIME I SEE HIM, I'LL BE SPECIALLY NICE SO HE..

SI-S SEES MR. PORKY, NOW TO FIND OUT IF...
HOO HOO, BUGS!
WAIT FOR ME, YOU DEAR LIT' OL' SNOOKUMS BUNNY!
S-SNOOKUMS?
I'M NOT SNOOKUMS I'M BUGS, AN'...
I KNOW IT, MY HERO!
AIIOOH! WHAT HORRIBLE POWER HAS THIS PEERLIN' GOTT LLEA BELLE NEVER ACTED LIKE THAT BEFORE!
I'M GETTIN' AILMENTS HERE TILL SHE COMES TO HER SENSES!
HOO HOO, A BUGS DEAR!
I THINK SHE'S OVER-DOING IT A BIT... JUST TO GET A BIRTHDAY PRESENT OUT OF BUGS!
S-SO THAT'S IT!
AND BUGS THINKS IT'S BECAUSE OF THE P-PERFUME HE'S WEARING!
BOSH! I MUSTA GOT A OVERDOSE OF THAT STUFF!

IT'S NICE TO BE POPULAR, BUT THAT PEEPLUM OVERDOES IT!
THERE! I SAVE HER THE CLUE!
LOOK, FELLERS, THERE HE IS!
YIPPEE!
THE BUNNY!
LOOKA!
OH BOY! THAT PEEPLUM AGAIN! I'M EVEN POPULAR WITH TH' LIL KIDDIES!
HEY, BE CAREFUL, KIDS
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
YOO HOO, MISTER RABBIT! SEND ME A RED ONE!
I WANT A YELLOW ONE!
I WANT A GOLD ONE!
SEND ME A PURPLE AN' ORANGE ONE!
I WANT...

SAY-Y! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU KIDS TALKING ABOUT?
EASTER EGGS, OF COURSE! YOU ***ARE*** THE ***EASTER BUNNY***, AREN'T YOU?
WHO... ***ME?***
S-S-SURE HE'S THE EASTER BUNNY! YOU B-BET HE IS!
?
R-RUN ALONG, KIDS! TOMORROW IS EASTER AND THE EASTER BUNNY HAS ***L-LOTS*** OF EGGS TO C-COLOR BEFORE THEN!
OKAY!
BYE, EASTER BUNNY!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TELLIN' THEM KIDS I...
P-PLEASE, BUGS... YOU ***ARE*** GOING TO BE THE EASTER BUNNY!
C-COME ON! THERE ISN'T M-MUCH TIME! I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE W-WAY!
???
LATER...
...SO IT WASN'T THE PERFUME AT ALL THAT MADE LULA BELLE ACT THAT WAY! AN' TH' ***KIDS***...
THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE THE ***EASTER*** BUNNY!
WHAT ***IS*** ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT THE EASTER BUNNY, ANYWAY?
HE'S IN TROUBLE, B-BUGS! I JUST HEARD ABOUT IT MYSELF A FEW M-MINUTES AGO!

THE R-REAL EASTER BUNNY HAS SPRAINED HIS F-FOOT AND CAN'T WALK!
WHAT? THEN THAT MEANS...
...A L-L-LOT OF DISAPPOINTED K-KIDS TOMORROW, UNLESS WE CAN HELP! P-PETUNIA IS ALREADY OUT AT HIS P-PLACE!
IN A LITTLE HOUSE, DEEP IN THE FOREST...
THERE, MISTER EASTER BUNNY... THE LAST EGG IS COLORED!
YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY KIND, PETUNIA! I NEVER COULD HAVE COLORED THOSE EGGS WITHOUT YOU!
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING! PORKY WILL BE HERE SOON AND HE'S BRINGING...
HIYA, DOC! WHAT'S COOKIN'? PORKY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YER TROUBLES, BUT YOU CAN FERGET 'EM!
SLAM!
AS ONE RABBIT TO ANOTHER... I'LL BE GLAD TO PEDDLE YER EGGS FOR YA TOMORROW, DOC! WHATCHA GETTIN' FOR 'EM?
PU-LEASE! I DO NOT SELL MY EASTER EGGS! I GIVE THEM TO GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS!
I FERGOT, DOC! THIS HERE RACKET IS SORTA NEW TO ME, Y' KNOW!

SAY-Y... AIN'T THAT CARROT STEW I SMELLS A-COOKIN' IN THE KITCHEN?
WHY, ER... YES...
THEN WHAT AM I WAITIN' FOR?
WH-WHAT DO YOU THINK?
WILL HE DO?
WELL, HE ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND!
HE SEEMS SO... ER... GRASPING! HOWEVER, SINCE HE'S THE ONLY OTHER RABBIT AROUND HERE, I GUESS HE'LL HAVE TO DO!
VERY EARLY ON EASTER MORNING...
YOURS IS A GLORIOUS MISSION, MY BOY! LET NOTHING DETAIN YOU! AND AS YOU GO THROUGH THE WOODS, KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR THE WICKED FOX!
OKAY, DOC!
EVERY YEAR THE FOX TRIES TO CATCH ME, SO THE KIDDIES WON'T GET THEIR EGGS ON EASTER MORNING!
HE WON'T CATCH ME!
D-DOESN'T THE FOX LIKE KIDDIES?
HE IS PEEVED BECAUSE HE'S THE VILLAIN IN SO MANY OF THEIR BOOKS! HE MEANS TO GET HIS REVENGE ON THE LI'L KIDDIES BY CAPTURING THE EASTER BUNNY!

BAH! THESE KIDS' BOOKS MAKE ME SICK! YOU'D THINK I WAS AWFUL CLUMSY! ALWAYS I GETS OUTWITTED AN' BEAT BY GOODY-GOODY HEROES BUTS AWAY!
BUT IF I CAN EVER CATCH THAT BASTER BUNNY... GRRR!
THE OLD BASTER BUNNY IS PLENTY SMART, BUT ONE OF THESE BASTERS HELL-BLIP UP AND...
WHAT'S THIS?! THERE IS A SUBSTITUTE BASTER BUNNY ON DUTY THIS YEAR!
...AND HE LOOKS YOUNG AND STUPID!
IN FACT, HE LOOKS STUPID ENOUGH TO FALL FOR MY BIG FAKE STUFFED CARROT!!
AT LAST! REVENGE WILL BE MINE, THEREIL BE LOTS OF UH, DISAPPOINTED BOYS AND GIRLS THIS BASTER! HO! HO! HO!

WOW
SPLAT!
NEW-STYLE EASTER EGGS
THIS WAY, PLEASE!

ARE YOU THE GENT WHO'S SO ANXIOUS TO GET EASTER EGGS?
CLOSER
GIVE IT TO ME
BUY?
SELL
GIVE
I'M THROUGH
HEAD
FEET

BE ALL RIGHT!
BAM!
OPEN UP!
BAM!
CHICKEN!
CLUCK
CLUCK
CLUCK
DOODLE-DOO!
CLUCK CLUCK COCK-A-DOODLE-DOOO.
CLUCK
CLUCK
CLUCK
COCK-A-
DOODLE
DOOOO

EASTER DAY

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
presents
SNIFFLES
and
Mary Jane
A CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN!
CIRCUS
NOTHING!

LISTEN!
IT'S A LAWNMOWER!
HERE!
GOPHER
I'M SCARED
JUST REMEMBER
HEADS DOWN.

HELP!

ROAR!

BANG!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.,
Presents -
PORKY PIG
and
SYLVESTER CAT

RODENT EXTERMINATOR.
AND SO
BUGS BUNNY

AND FOUR TO 6
OH!
BOP!

I HAD TO THROW HIM BACK
HE WAS UNDERSIZE!
WHAT?

THUNK!

CRASH!
BANG!
CRASH!
BAM!
BOOM!
BAM!
KANGAROO?

ZOOM

ZOO

BOOM
WHAT?

OR MY NAME
SYLVESTER
SYLVESTER

WARNER BROS.
SENERY HAWK

OKAY SONNY!
CAPTAIN KIDD?
BUT WHENEVER I PLAY PIRATE I GET CARRIED AWAY!

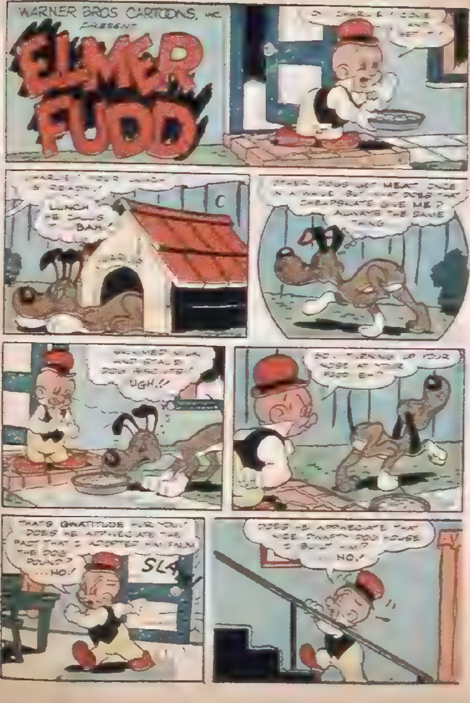
MAP
DIG?
HERE
HARD

HENERY! LOOK OUT FOR THE BOTTLE!
WHAT BOTTLE?
FLOOP!
TREASURE MAP!
SOMETHING!
AND SO, AFTER FINDING MORE TREASURE MAPS AND DIGGING UP MORE BONES

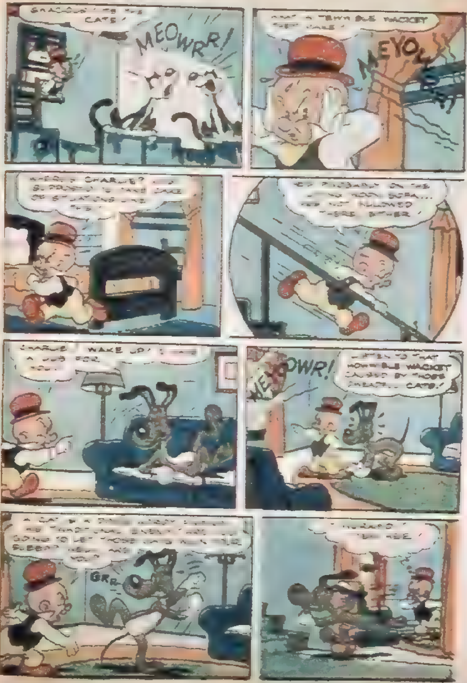
WOW!
HO! HO! HO! HO!

CHICKEN HAWKS.
REAL HUNGRY RIGHT NOW!
TREASURE.
HELP!
HELP!

KONK!
TWEETY!
CENTS
LATER
CANDY STORE
MY HEAD!


WARNER BROS CARTOONS, INC
PRESENT
ELMER FUDD
LUNCH
BAH!
ALWAYS THE SAME
UGH!!
THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!
...NO!
SLA
NO!

CHARLIE! THE VEWY IDEA! YOU KNOW I DONT
THUMP!
Z-Z-Z
MEOWRR!

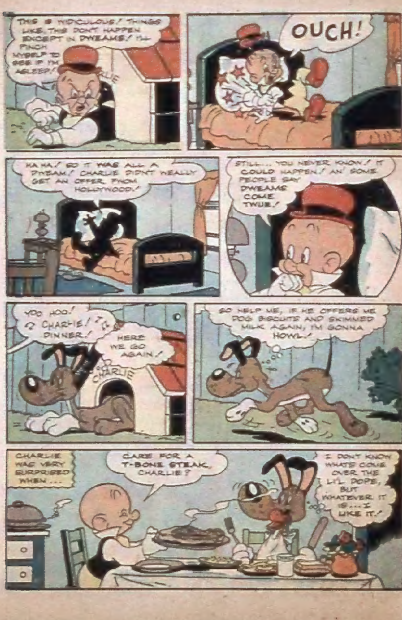

MEOWRR!
MEYOW
OWR!
GRR

OUTSIDE!
BATHWOOM!
MEOWR!
Z-Z-Z
1 PAIR EAR PLUGS
DOG!
YOU'RE A DISGWACE TO THE ENTIRE CANINE WACE!
FLEA
YOU!

TAKE YOUR FLEAS AND LEAVE
HOUSE FOREVER!
R-RING!
NOW IT'S THE FRONT DOORBELL!
I WONDER IF I'LL EVER GET MY NAP!
R-R-RING!
MISTER FUDD? I UNDERSTAND YOU OWN A DOG NAMED CHARLIE?
WELL ER... YES
SPLENDID! I AM FROM MAMMOTH PICTURES IN HOLLYWOOD! ONE OF OUR TALENT SCOUTS SPOTTED CHARLIE! WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER YOU FIVE HUNDRED A WEEK FOR HIS SERVICES!
CONTRACT
NOW, IF YOU'LL SIGN THIS CONTRACT, I'LL BE ON MY WAY!
Y-YES SIR!
HERE'S THE CONTRACT... ALL SIGNED!
CHARLIE IS A REMARKABLE DOG MISTER FUDD! IF HE GOES OVER IN PICTURES WE'LL PAY YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK!

WE'LL EXPECT YOU TO HAVE THE DOG IN HOLLYWOOD BY NEXT WEEK!
WE'LL BE THERE!
DOLLARS A WEEK FOR THAT SILLY POOCH! HEH! HEH!
GOOD GRAVY! I GOT WID OF CHARLIE!
I MUST FIND HIM AND BRING HIM BACK. I MUST!
CHARLIE! YOU CAME BACK! YOU KNEW I WAS ONLY KIDDING WHEN I SENT YOU AWAY!
AND TO SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I THINK OF YOU, IN BED WITH ME!
FROM NOW ON WE'LL BE BIG BUDDIES .. ER, WON'T WE CHARLIE?
ER .. CAN'T YOU MOVE OVER A BIT? YOU WEALLY DON'T NEED ALL THE BED!

OH . . . THEN . . . YOU KNOW ABOUT THE HOUSE CONTRACT?
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, I'LL GO SLEEP ON THE SOFA, DOWNSTAIRS!
GRR-R
OH! YOU DON'T WANT ME SLEEPING ON THE SOFA, EITHER! THEN WHERE DO YOU WANT ME TO SLEEP?
I SHOULDN'T HAVE ASKED THAT LAST QUESTION!
CHARLIE
WONDER, WHAT TIME CHARLIE WILL BE GETTING UP FROM HIS NAP!
CHARLIE
I'LL HAVE TO GET UP BEFORE HIS DOG, SO I CAN SERVE HIM HIS BREAKFAST IN BED!
CHARLIE


THIS IS RIDICULOUS! THINGS LIKE THIS DON'T HAPPEN EXCEPT IN DREAMS! I'LL PINCH MYSELF TO SEE IF I'M AGLEEP!
OUCH!
HA HA! SO IT WAS ALL A DREAM! CHARLIE DIDN'T REALLY GET AN OFFER FROM HOLLYWOOD!
STILL... YOU NEVER KNOW! IT COULD HAPPEN! AN' SOME PEOPLE SAY DREAMS COME TRUE!
YOO HOO! CHARLIE! IT'S DINNER!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
CHARLIE
SO HELP ME, IF HE OFFERS ME POG BISCUITS AND SKIMMED MILK AGAIN, I'M GONNA HOWL!
CHARLIE WAS VERY SURPRISED WHEN...
CARRE FOR A T-BONE STEAK, CHARLIE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S DONE OVER THE L'IL POPPA, BUT WHATEVER IT IS... I LIKE IT!

c-couldn't c-compete. Only r-regular students are allowed r-to do that."

Bugs frowned. "Just 'cause I've been absent sometimes on accounta—er—my health, isn't any reason for bein' treated like a delinkent."

Porky quickened his steps. "There's P-Petunia. We c-can ask her. She's on the c-committee."

Petunia agreed with Porky. "I'm sorry, Bugs," she said. "You'll have to wait till next year. Then you won't be able to enter the contest unless you go to school pretty nearly every day."

"Peepers!" exclaimed Bugs. "Right NOW is when I need the two bucks."

"That's too bad, but rules are rules," Petunia took Porky by the hand. "Come on, Porky. A lot of the other kids are going to the woods today, too. If we don't hurry, all the wildflowers will be gone."

Bugs watched Porky and Petunia skip merrily away. "That Petunia! Always scaldin' I," he growled. "Thinks she's so smart. I'll fix her—an' the other teacher's pets, too!"

All the rest of that day, Bugs was very busy. He was careful to keep away from Porky's and Petunia's neighborhood because he did not want them to know what he was planning. Next morning, he was up bright and early. Carrying a small carton he had packed the night before, he hurried to the store. It was still very early. No one was around, not even the janitor.

Bugs found an unlocked window and crawled through it. He decided to hide in the first-floor broom closet; the janitor never opened it until late afternoon.

The time until recess passed very slowly for Bugs. The closet was so hot and stuffy, he began to itch. At last, recess time came. When Bugs heard the children shouting and laughing in the yard, he crept out of the closet, with the carton under his arm, and headed for Miss Angora's room.

The May baskets sat in a row on the

teacher's desk, under a piece of flowered cloth. Bugs whipped off the cloth and in less than two minutes, had the pretty baskets in his carton and the contents of the carton on the desk under the cloth. Hearing footsteps in the corridor, he dashed for the nearest window and leaped through it just as Miss Angora and Mr. Herford entered the room.

Safe outside, Bugs stood on tiptoe to peek through the window as the children came in. But he could not stand still. He itched like everything from his long stay in the hot, stuffy closet.

Miss Angora was talking. "Mr. Herford, whom you all know, is to be our May basket judge, children. Here are our exhibits, Mr. Herford." She yanked off the cloth. And gasped.

Mr. Herford gasped, too. Each basket was exactly alike and each held nothing but a bunch of shiny, green leaves. Suddenly, Miss Angora saw Bugs's grinning face at the window.

"Bugs Bunny!" she exclaimed. "You did this! Just wait till I catch you! I'll punish you properly!"

Mr. Herford stopped Miss Angora from chasing Bugs, who was now running across the school yard. "Let him go, Miss Angora," said Mr. Herford. "He'll be punished all right, but not by you. You see, he thought he was filling these baskets with ordinary weeds—but he filled them with poison ivy!"

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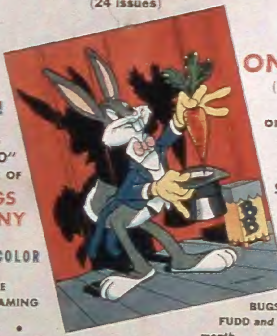

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